

A poore vnminde Outlaw sneaking home,
 My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
 He came but to the Duke of *Lancaster*,
 To sue his livery and beg his peace,
 With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale:
 My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd;
 Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
 Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in Boroughs, Citie's, Villages,
 Attend him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
 Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
 He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
 Steps me a little higher then his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
 Vpon the naked shore at *Rauesburgh*,
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine edicts, and some strait decrees
 That lay too heauy on the common weaith,
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
 Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
 This seeming brow of Iustice, did he winne
 The hearts of all that he did angle for;
 Proceeded further, cut mee off the heads
 Of all the fauourites that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personall in the *Irish* warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poynt.
 In short time after, hee depos'd the King,
 Soone after that, depriu'd him his life,
 And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
 To make that worse, suffered hit kinsman March,
 Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeepe

Indeed his King, to bee ingag'd in *Wales*,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited,
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
 Sought to intrap mee by intelligence,
 Rated my Vncle from the Councell board,
 In rage dismisde my father from the Court,
 Broke oth on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
 This head of safety, and withall to prie
 Into his title, the which we finde
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw awhile:

Goe to the King, and let there be impaund
 Some surety for the safe returne againe,
 And in the morning early shall my Vncle
 Bring him our purpose, and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace & loue.

Hot. And 't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael*, beare this sealed Briefe
 With winged haste to the Lord *Marshall*,
 This to my cousin *Serape*, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed. If you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe,

To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a day
 Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsbury*,
 As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
 The King with mighty and quicke raysed power,
 Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michael*,
 What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
 Whose power was in the first proportion;
 And what *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
 Who with them was rated firmly too,

I

And